

*The Historie of*

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prin.* Then brother *John of Lancaster*,  
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,  
Goe to the *Dowglos*, and deliuer him  
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free,  
His valoure shown vpon our Crestes to day,  
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,  
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

*King.* Then this remaines, that we deuide our Power,  
You Sonne *John*, and my coosen *Westmerland*,  
Towards *Yorke* shall bend you with your deereft speed,  
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,  
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes:  
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,  
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*:  
Rebellion in this Land shall loose his way,  
Meeting the checke of such another day:  
And since this businesse so faire is done,  
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

9 NO 58